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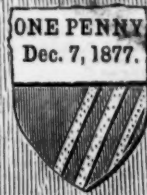
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VOL. III.—No. 108.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1877.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

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[BY THE ANTIENT PISTOL.]

### PART I.

**B**USINESS was bad at the "Thespian Temple——" You must not expect us, good reader, to define the exact locality of the Temple.

Suffice it to say that it was in the great metropolis, and east of Aldgate Pump, and was, or had been, a favourite resort of the nobility and gentry of Whitechapel, Mile End Road, Shadwell, and even Wapping. You must make the acquaintance of the manager. He was a man of about fifty, with a pair of keen, leering eyes; his nose was hooked; he had a profusion of well-oiled, rusty, black locks, a superfluity of rings on his bony fingers, and exhibited a wide expanse of shirt bosom. His apparel was gorgeous, but ill-fitting and wrinkled—altogether suggestive of old-cloism. At a guess, you would have pronounced him a Jew; and when you were told that his name was Isaac Moses (corrupted by the scoffing Gentile into "Ikey Mo"), the first surmise amounted to almost an absolute certainty.

It must be stated at the outset that the language of Mr. Isaac Moses requires an apology. It was more emphatic than elegant, and abounded in *Vulgarian atrocities*. His allusions to his own eyes, and the eyes of others, were much to be reprobated. There was a sinister sarcasm in that favourite expression of his, "Bless your eyes!" which was worse than a downright imprecation. There is a dread personage whose name, despite his many aristocratic connections, it is thought unpolite to mention. Ikey Mo's references to this personage were too frequent and too pointed. This practice in a gentleman of the Jewish persuasion I deem the more reprehensible when I reflect upon the many scurvy tricks his Satanic Majesty has played upon the chosen people. Did he not enter into the swine-herd of one of Ikey Mo's ancestors, and thereby wantonly and wickedly depreciate the price of pork in Judea ever afterwards? For a son of Judah to affirm in that unholy name seems doubly culpable.

If the forefathers of Ikey Mo had the worst of it in Egypt, and had to submit to hard terms in that brick-making business, Ikey had in his life time, to use a vulgar phrase, taken it out of the Gentiles; for his terms and conditions to his subordinates were hardly less exacting than were those of the Egyptian task-masters. By the way, it occurs to me that the sons of Judah have in latter times turned the tables upon their past oppressors, and in the way of shent per'shent have done much to avenge the wrongs of their ancestors. But this is meandering. So much for the manager, and now for the theatre.

The Thespian Temple was not a fashionable house—not from a Belgravian point of view, at least. Ladies with heads uncovered were not rare in the dress circle, though kid gloves and opera cloaks were the exception. Gentlemen lounged gracefully in the lower tier in their shirt sleeves, and the edicts of Ikey Moses against short pipes were a nullity. Ikey Moses was not altogether insensible to the proprieties, but his patrons were so charmingly and primitively democratic in their tastes that his ideas of decorum were constantly violated.

The air of this Thespian Temple was heavily laden with the smell of fried fish, and in the intervals, between acts, the plaintive cry of "'taters all 'ot," arose throughout the place. There was one practice against which Mr. Moses had often but vainly protested. Gentlemen in the upper parts of the house were in the habit of lowering bottles by means of a string to their friends in the pit; and this bottle, after being swung from mouth to mouth, would be intercepted in its ascent to the owner. These proceedings, and the comments they occasioned, were apt to jar upon the most pathetic passages of the play; but the good old East End custom ("honoured," as Mr. Ikey Mo' very justly observed, "more in the breach than in the observance") still held its sway.

It is sweet for the poor player to know that he is honoured and loved in private life; but it is not so sweet to have his kingly dream broken on the stage by the too-familiar greeting of friends before the curtain, and the audience at the Temple was just a little too familiar. It is a cruel aggravation of the remorse of the dying villain, in the last act, to be asked by a friend in the gallery whether the "cup of cold poison" which he (the villain) is compelled to swallow, would not be improved by "two-penn'orth of blue ruin."

A stage banquet was always a sore trial to the actors and actresses at the Thespian; and the speculations of the audience as to the contents of the gilt goblets and Dutch-lead vessels were simply execrating. "My Lord Dook," for instance, when he raised the goblet to his lips, would be cautioned to "drink fair," and not to pocket the cup; while the King would be requested to help his courtiers to a little more tripe and onions.

It is comforting, however, to know that our tastes at the Temple had never been corrupted by French drama or Offenbachian opera. We had no inverted morality here. Virtue was always rewarded and villainy duly abashed. The British tar fought and conquered against unheard of odds, performing prodigies of broadsword exercise. The wrongs of the injured maiden were always righted, and the aristocratic wronger was made to expiate his rascality by dying at least twice a night. The rightful heir came to his own, and the iniquitous usurper was sent howling. The happy lovers were united in the last act; the tottering "parient" had his "bless you my children!" and the curtain fell amidst blue fire, vociferous applause, and salvoes from gingerbeer bottles.

But business was bad, as I have said, at the Temple. *Varney the Vampire*; or, *the Feast of Blood*, which had run for an incredible number of nights, was reproduced, but Varney had become as bloodless and lifeless as his victims.

*The Deluded Dustman and the Demon Washervoman*, once so potent with an Ikey-Mosian audience had lost its charms, and *Bernado the Brigand*; or, *the Three Bounding Brothers of the Bosphorus*, was hooted from the stage.

Ikey Mo' tore his hair and swore that the legitimate drama was going to—never mind where.

Salaries had been twice reduced, and, owing to secessions and dismissals, the stock company had dwindled to the skeleton of a company. This state of things was not altogether without its advantages. Promotion was rapid for those who remained, and opportunities for versatile genius were unlimited, inasmuch as each member appeared in two, three, aye and as many as a half-a-dozen characters each night. The "singing chambermaid" became a romantic heroine. The dummy attendants, who aforesome had been wont to deliver a letter or a message, and to remove the stage furniture amidst rounds of ironic applause, were trusted with speaking parts, or rose to "walking gentlemen" and "utility men." The property man and stage carpenter were mere base mechanics no longer, but budding artists; and even Barney, the bill-sticker and man of all work—of whom we shall have to say more anon—strutted and fretted "his brief hour on the stage." Walter Tremaine, the leading "heavy man," threw off his heaviness after the first piece, and favoured the company with a comic song; and Lovel, the leading "villain," not to be outdone in condescension, unbent his moody brow and warbled forth in strains of gushing tenderness, *Mac Swill-ton's Braes are bonny*.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Mr. Tremaine to Lovel one night, "that Shylock of a manager of ours is trading on our necessities, my boy. That cry about bad business is a wretched pretence. Why, I'm sure there was not less than fifteen pounds in the house last night. Ikey Mo's an 'umbag, sir, and I'm blowed if I stand his gammon any longer."

(To be concluded in our next.)

**BOTHAM'S WORM CAKES**

(Manufactured by Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. causters—of all Chemists throughout the world.



## SONGS OF THE DAY.—No. II.

[BY FIGARO JUNIOR.]

## A FRENCH IM-BROGLIE-O.

**D**UKE DE BROGLIE, last May, since he heard people say  
 "The Republic's the final position,"  
 Was determined to show by some dexterous blow  
 That they reckoned without due prevision—  
 That they'd made one important omission  
 In leaving him out when they set them about  
 Calculating the country's decision.  
 For, quoth he, quite indignant, "How dare these malignant  
 Red Radicals make opposition,  
 Or venture to question our mission,  
 When Macmahon and I have decided to try  
 And save France from a final perdition;  
 And to knock on the head this Republic we dread  
 Will insist on our final excision?"

So he went to Macmahon, and managed to play on  
 That veteran's weak disposition,  
 And, to make him believe he was bound to relieve  
 The country, with all expedition,  
 Of that very insane Opposition  
 Which declined to agree that the Marshal was free,  
 To absolve him from every condition  
 On which he was paid to take up with the trade  
 Of governing France by commission,  
 And which questioned the plain proposition  
 That, having been placed in the post which he graced,  
 'Twas his business to foster division,  
 And to try and o'erthrow, as a dangerous foe,  
 The Republic which gave him his mission.

Now de Broglie was backed by a sort of half-cracked  
 Old Bishop, who saw in a vision  
 All was up with the Church, and himself in the lurch  
 With his wonderful schemes of ambition  
 And his stock of unsold superstition,  
 Unless they were able by turning the table  
 To obtain the decisive elision  
 Of these Radical ends with their nauseous fads,  
 Of this awkward obtuse Opposition  
 Who objected to priestly tradition;  
 So he made up his mind that the Marshal he'd blind—  
 Dupanloup was a wily tactician—  
 And 'twas frequently said, if the Devil were dead  
 He'd be chosen to fill the position.

So they crawled the back stairs and found madame at prayers,  
 Giving in to the Pope her submission;  
 And the Bishop began and unfolded his plan  
 For ensuring the swift deposition  
 Of this dangerous mad Opposition  
 Who had dared to deny they might lawfully try  
 To raise up intestine sedition.  
 Or suppress *vi et armis*,—which means with their armies—  
 The popular voice and decision.  
 And after a long disquisition  
 Her Grace was quite pleased that the time should be seized  
 For clearly defining her mission,  
 And to let the world know that she never would go  
 From her very agreeable position.

Then they went to the Marshal, who waited, impartial—  
 For under his wife's supervision  
 He had nothing to say, but submit to her sway,  
 And act by her gracious permission.  
 So the Bishop, with specious precision,  
 Detailed his fine scheme, which appeared like a dream,  
 To poor Mac with his small erudition.  
 He was not such a fool, though they made him a tool,  
 As to think that the dread Opposition  
 Would readily yield to excision;  
 And, unless I am out, it is open to doubt  
 If this clerical dialectician  
 Would have made the poor man see the force of his plan,  
 Had not Madame decreed his submission.

The point being carried, they precious soon harried  
 And goaded all France to sedition,  
 And one summer's day—fateful sixteenth of May,  
 They turned out that fierce Opposition,  
 And immediately made a partition  
 Of places vacated amongst the belated  
 Adventurers wanting a mission.

They put in a fellow, called Fourton, to bellow  
 The Marshal's a wondrous tactician—  
 A really "Divine right" magician—  
 And would set them all straight if they only would wait  
 Till he'd dealt with the Red Opposition.  
 If he liked their behaviour, he'd act as their Saviour,  
 Without any thought of ambition.

And in order the better their minds to unfetter  
 From Radical dark superstition,  
 And to show them the way where true freedom did lay,  
 They threw a few hundreds in prison,  
 Which, of course, proved their righteous decision,  
 Though it had the effect, which they did not expect,  
 Of augmenting the old Opposition.  
 So they turned to suppress every sign of excess,  
 By which they meant aught proposition,  
 Designed to impugn their commission;  
 Shut up *cafés* and papers, and cut other capers,  
 All of which are now things of tradition;  
 And made the poor Marshal, who's really impartial,  
 A scarecrow, and not a magician.

But 'twas all of no use, for they could not induce  
 The people to heed their monition,  
 And though strong-listed *Prefets* might shut up the *cafés*  
 They could not out-flank the position  
 Taken up by the new Opposition;  
 The Duke and his tribe they might threaten and bribe,  
 But they covered themselves with derision.  
 And Gambetta came back with a host in his track,  
 All determined on stern inquisition,  
 To give them their speedy dismission;  
 So they had to stand by, with a tear in each eye,  
 While their acts underwent a revision,  
 Which frightened them sorely, and made them all poorly,  
 For fear of the Chamber's decision.

And this is the moral I draw from the quarrel—  
 France very much needs the excision  
 Of Bishops and Dukes, that in future no flukes  
 May give them once more supervision  
 Or vent for their schemes of ambition;  
 And while this she's about she had better turn out  
 Poor Mac from his palace Elysian.  
 For while petticoats reign, and a priest's cunning brain  
 Is allowed to indulge in the vision  
 Of setting the world in ignition,  
 There will always be danger. And dogs in the manger  
 Will ever be yelping sedition,  
 And there'll never be peace while there's aught left to fleece  
 By the Church, which makes fleeing her mission.

## WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

**A** good deal has been said and written about Thirlmere, but we venture to think that nothing has been read or heard on the subject like the following letter which the *Courier* has printed in its correspondence columns:—

"Sir,—Nature proclaims the law that water under the earth from the equator all around passes through the north and south poles to the opposite side of the equator back again to where it came from, and repeats itself, this has been the case from the time of Adam. It was, it is, and ever will be, as long as this world lasts, as it is. Any common-sense man must admit this, but how is he to get pure water? In this way select a natural reservoir, such as Thirlmere, and in any needed place make an artificial reservoir, connect the two together by making, all under ground, a channel for the water to flow from the natural reservoir into the artificial reservoir, repeat this all over the world, and from either one or the other man may take his fill, and leave his fellow to do the like. The interested man will say, you shall not take water from my lake without paying me for it. The common-sense man will say, the lake is not yours; you have no title to sell what is not your own; you cannot sell the pure natural gifts.

"Any man in the world has a right to go to Thirlmere by the right of way, and pass over it as he may wish, and take the water for his own use, without let or hindrance. The State, whose only property is the land, can, with the aid of the people, availing itself of certain artificial means, obtain any amount of pure water from Thirlmere without measure for the good of the community.—Yours, &c.,

"RICHARD TAYLOR, N.M.S.

"Twickenham, Middlesex, November 28, 1877."

The writer has a benevolent desire, apparently, to do something towards settling the difficulty between the Manchester Corporation and their aesthetic opponents. The desire is manifested in a peculiar manner, though. Perhaps the key to the mystery lies in the initials—"N. M. S." They certainly suggest the words "not much sense," and if these describe Mr. Taylor's mental condition, the lucubration he has treated the *Courier* to may well be excused.

**GAS "HEATING" STOVES,**  
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## DR. PANKHURST TO THE RESCUE!

**I**F I were asked to mention one of the most distinctive signs of the time—speaking with especial, if not exclusive, reference to Lancashire—I should submit that in my humble opinion, not the least important of such signs as there are is the unusually frequent appearance during the last few months of Dr. Pankhurst at political meetings in Manchester, and several of the towns adjacent. Prior to the time, let us say about eighteen months ago, when the Liberal party and the public generally had succeeded in deluding itself into the belief that there had really been a Conservative reaction, instead of coming to the more probable conclusion that what had happened was a Liberal retrogression, the Doctor's voice was very rarely silent for a whole month at a time. Since the date I have approximately fixed, we have heard comparatively little of him, not, assuredly, because he too had fallen into a state of apathy and acquiescence, but because the opportunities for speech have been less frequent. Political audiences as a rule have been during the past twelve months or so in favour of a different class of orators. The Liberal party generally wished to have a good cry over its spilt milk. They wanted speakers who would condole with them on their hard fate in having got the milk spilled, not men who would tell them it was their own fault for having carried the lacteal fluid in a cracked jug. For the time Dr. Pankhurst's occupation was gone. Not only did he not sympathise with the party on account of the mess into which it had got, but he told them he had all along seen their collapse to be inevitable, because, having once got their foot on the Tory hydra, they only cut off a few of his heads as an example to the others, instead of finishing the monster off-hand. The lacerated feelings of Liberal Associations could not tolerate such a Job's comforter, and so for a time they apparently gave over inviting the Doctor to their *soirées*. Now that the night is passing they want people to pull them out of the Slough of Despond, and Dr. Pankhurst is one of the foremost to the rescue.

It is not without some knowledge of public men and their ways, in Manchester and the country round about, that I venture to make the hardly assertion that Dr. Pankhurst is in many respects by far the ablest of them all. He is one of the few of whom it may be truly said that he never speaks without having something to say, and something that you cannot hear every day. In their way many of his speeches, those on capital and labour questions particularly, are really intellectual marvels—so marvellous, indeed, that often his audiences have very little more idea of what he means than the Tory party have of the real political opinions of Lord Beaconsfield. His orations are, as a rule, quite unlike those of any other speaker the public is accustomed to hear. When printed in the newspapers they very often read more like elaborate essays, written for a Quarterly, than mere oral deliverances—and yet they do not smell much of the lamp, though now and then leaving a little odour of petroleum. Brilliant, epigrammatic, witty, often profound, and having a very decided leaning towards the transcendental, his speeches bear a marked resemblance—without any trace of imitation—to those of Victor Hugo, and the comparison is not a very unfair one in this respect. Dr. Pankhurst's mental idiosyncrasies are indeed much more French than English, and he himself must often sigh for the audiences of enthusiastic students who, many years ago, listened sympathisingly at the Café Procope while he explained his ambition to codify the English law, to upset the English throne, and to effect various other trifling alterations in the British constitution, most of which intentions he has certainly since done his best to get carried into effect, not yet, however, with much apparent result. But, be the present result what it may, the vivacious barrister is still sanguine. He is always assured that we are on the eve of a convulsion in which throne, church, aristocracy, and plutocracy will disappear like so many rotten ships. No matter how apathetic or how contented the working classes may appear, he is always certain that their apathy is only the calm before a storm, and that on an appointed day democracy in one violent assault will possess itself of all the strongholds of the enemy. He had no doubt that the tramp of the great procession of working men in Manchester the other day would make the throne totter to its fall. He was equally sanguine—to take another example from many—that the publication of the returns which showed how the soil of Great Britain was distributed would rouse an indignation which would result in an almost immediate re-division; and on Saturday in his speech at Butterworth—which has served as a pretext for this article—he expressed his belief that the democracy did not intend to

have the land any longer confiscated by a handful of people. "These prayers," and perhaps they may come true sooner than we think—I for one would not like to give them a positive denial—but I rather fancy that the Doctor leaves one important element out of his calculations. He does not seem to have any idea of the force of the stupidity which will have to be removed before he can get—I won't say his proposed reforms effected, for perchance they never will be—but before he can get them even considered as practicabilities and possibilities. As Schiller says, the very gods themselves fight in vain against stupidity, though it does not of course follow that because all the fighting power of Olympus contended against it ineffectually that Dr. Pankhurst and the army which he may one day lead to the battle, equipped with modern weapons, must necessarily also be vanquished. Unfortunately I cannot, if I would, feel sanguine about his success, because I have some reason to believe that if he were appointed chief of the Executive of the British Republic, he would think it his duty to order me to instant execution.

It is hardly necessary to say that Dr. Pankhurst is by no means popular amongst certain classes in local society. Of course I do not allude to his bad reputation amongst the Tories, who are not a class but a collection of phenomena, and therefore cannot be classified. It is their duty to hate him and they do it with great fervour. But the Doctor, amiable as he is personally, is considerably disliked by a large section of the Liberals, whose nerves he is apt to startle in a very reckless fashion. It may be very enjoyable to him to "punch the flabby bellies of plutocrats" at the Reform Club, but we can hardly wonder if the said plutocrats fail to see the fun of the punching process. For the Doctor is the last man to make any secret of his opinions, or to hide his Republican light under a bushel, though it might pay him better to do so. The steady-going old Liberals at the club, who are above all things practical, and hate anything that has a suspicion of rashness about it, do not know exactly what to make of a man who objects to the *status quo* upon the earth, under the earth, and above the earth, and who, they suspect, after he had disestablished the throne and the Church, and the land, might even attempt to disestablish the club itself. There is almost as great a gulf between him and many of the members as there is between them and the Tory party. They are Liberals and don't profess to be Republicans. He does, and something more, and one can well understand that the theories which are listened to with great delight at evening parties, where few comprehend them, find scant favour with men who have a very clear notion, and a very decided horror—well founded or not—of what they mean, and of what they would be in practice. There was a time when many well-intentioned people, and one Manchester newspaper, did their best to suppress the Doctor, first by snubbing, and then by ignoring him, but the task was too difficult, and they had to give it up in despair, though he has, I suspect, not quite forgiven them for attempting it. Since then these same people—who after all were perhaps wise in their generation—have been compelled to admit that he is a useful and even a valuable ally, but they have still utterly refused to acknowledge his claims to be considered as a leader, though there is no doubt that he is looked upon as such by a very important section of the working classes. However, I don't think that anyone need be seriously alarmed by the brilliant Doctor's talk about "blood and petroleum," for in his mouth these are only figurative words. He is not the man to shed the blood of a flea, much less set fire to a house, and I for one think it possible that the time may come when the Liberal party will have cause to feel thankful that Pankhurst and others like him—if there be such—came to the rescue.

## MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

**W**E extract the following from the *Manchester Evening News* of Wednesday last:—

"A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE IN A WIDNES POLICE CELL.—At the Widnes Police Court, yesterday afternoon, a tramp, named John Adams, was charged with being drunk and incapable in Bankoy Street, on the previous evening. Prisoner appeared in court enveloped in a large rug, he having been deprived of his trousers under circumstances that at present baffle the ingenuity of the police in charge. The constable who apprehended him swore positively that the man had a pair of trousers on at the time, and the inspector, though not quite positive on that point, declared that he did not notice that the man had not a pair of trousers on. A thorough search yesterday morning failed to discover the missing garment. He was sent to gaol for seven days."

This reminds us of the old rhyme of "Paddy went a walking, &c." But why should the officials be guilty of such breaches of discipline unless they intended giving a pair to John Adams?

**W. ARONSBERG, Optician to the Royal Eye Hospital, 12, Victoria Street, Manchester.**

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[BY FIGARO JUNIOR.]

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 Was determined to show by some dexterous blow  
 That they reckoned without due prevision—  
 That they'd made one important omission  
 In leaving him out when they set them about  
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 And to knock on the head this Republic we dread  
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 To absolve him from every condition  
 On which he was paid to take up with the trade  
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 The Republic which gave him his mission.

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 All was up with the Church, and himself in the lurch  
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 And his stock of unsold superstition,  
 Unless they were able by turning the table  
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 If this clerical dialectician  
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 Had not Madame decreed his submission.

The point being carried, they precious soon harried  
 And goaded all France to sedition,  
 And one summer's day—fateful sixteenth of May,  
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 And immediately made a partition  
 Of places vacated amongst the belated  
 Adventurers wanting a mission.

They put in a fellow, called Fourtou, to bellow  
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 Till he'd dealt with the Red Opposition.  
 If he liked their behaviour, he'd act as their Saviour,  
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And in order the better their minds to unfetter  
 From Radical dark superstition,  
 And to show them the way where true freedom did lay,  
 They threw a few hundreds in prison,  
 Which, of course, proved their righteous decision,  
 Though it had the effect, which they did not expect,  
 Of augmenting the old Opposition.  
 So they turned to suppress every sign of excess,  
 By which they meant aught proposition,  
 Designed to impugn their commission;  
 Shut up *cafés* and papers, and cut other capers,  
 All of which are now things of tradition;  
 And made the poor Marshal, who's really impartial,  
 A scarecrow, and not a magician.

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 The people to heed their monition,  
 And though strong-listed Prefets might shut up the *cafés*  
 They could not out-flank the position  
 Taken up by the new Opposition;  
 The Duke and his tribe they might threaten and bribe,  
 But they covered themselves with derision.  
 And Gambetta came back with a host in his track,  
 All determined on stern inquisition,  
 To give them their speedy dismission;  
 So they had to stand by, with a tear in each eye,  
 While their acts underwent a revision,  
 Which frightened them sorely, and made them all poorly,  
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And this is the moral I draw from the quarrel—  
 France very much needs the excision  
 Of Bishops and Dukes, that in future no flukes  
 May give them once more supervision  
 Or vent for their schemes of ambition;  
 And while this she's about she had better turn out  
 Poor Mac from his palace Elysian.  
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 Is allowed to indulge in the vision  
 Of setting the world in ignition,  
 There will always be danger. And dogs in the manger  
 Will ever be yelping sedition,  
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## WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

**A** good deal has been said and written about Thirlmere, but we venture to think that nothing has been read or heard on the subject like the following letter which the *Courier* has printed in its correspondence columns:—

"Sir,—Nature proclaims the law that water under the earth from the equator all around passes through the north and south poles to the opposite side of the equator back again to where it came from, and repeats itself. This has been the case from the time of Adam. It was, it is, and ever will be, as long as this world lasts, as it is. Any common-sense man must admit this, but how is he to get pure water? In this way select a natural reservoir, such as Thirlmere, and in any needed place make an artificial reservoir, connect the two together by making, all under ground, a channel for the water to flow from the natural reservoir into the artificial reservoir, repeat this all over the world, and from either one or the other man may take his fill, and leave his fellow to do the like. The interested man will say, you shall not take water from my lake without paying me for it. The common-sense man will say, the lake is not yours; you have no title to sell what is not your own; you cannot sell the pure natural gifts.

"Any man in the world has a right to go to Thirlmere by the right of way, and pass over it as he may wish, and take the water for his own use, without let or hindrance. The State, whose only property is the land, can, with the aid of the people, availing itself of certain artificial means, obtain any amount of pure water from Thirlmere without measure for the good of the community.—Yours, &c., "RICHARD TAYLOR, N.M.S."

"Twickenham, Middlesex, November 28, 1877."  
 The writer has a benevolent desire, apparently, to do something towards settling the difficulty between the Manchester Corporation and their æsthetic opponents. The desire is manifested in a peculiar manner, though. Perhaps the key to the mystery lies in the initials—"N. M. S." They certainly suggest the words "not much sense," and if these describe Mr. Taylor's mental condition, the lucubration he has treated the *Courier* to may well be excused.

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 For Shops, Offices, Rooms, Halls, &c.

**GAS "COOKING" STOVES,**  
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## DR. PANKHURST TO THE RESCUE!

**I**F I were asked to mention one of the most distinctive signs of the time—speaking with especial, if not exclusive, reference to Lancashire—I should submit that in my humble opinion, not the least important of such signs as there are is the unusually frequent appearance during the last few months of Dr. Pankhurst at political meetings in Manchester, and several of the towns adjacent. Prior to the time, let us say about eighteen months ago, when the Liberal party and the public generally had succeeded in deluding itself into the belief that there had really been a Conservative reaction, instead of coming to the more probable conclusion that what had happened was a Liberal retrogression, the Doctor's voice was very rarely silent for a whole month at a time. Since the date I have approximately fixed, we have heard comparatively little of him, not, assuredly, because he too had fallen into a state of apathy and acquiescence, but because the opportunities for speech have been less frequent. Political audiences as a rule have been during the past twelve months or so in favour of a different class of orators. The Liberal party generally wished to have a good cry over its spilt milk. They wanted speakers who would condole with them on their hard fate in having got the milk spilled, not men who would tell them it was their own fault for having carried the lacteal fluid in a cracked jug. For the time Dr. Pankhurst's occupation was gone. Not only did he not sympathise with the party on account of the mess into which it had got, but he told them he had all along seen their collapse to be inevitable, because, having once got their foot on the Tory hydra, they only cut off a few of his heads as an example to the others, instead of finishing the monster off-hand. The lacerated feelings of Liberal Associations could not tolerate such a Job's comforter, and so for a time they apparently gave over inviting the Doctor to their soirées. Now that the night is passing they want people to pull them out of the Slough of Despond, and Dr. Pankhurst is one of the foremost to the rescue.

It is not without some knowledge of public men and their ways, in Manchester and the country round about, that I venture to make the hardly assertion that Dr. Pankhurst is in many respects by far the ablest of them all. He is one of the few of whom it may be truly said that he never speaks without having something to say, and something that you cannot hear every day. In their way many of his speeches, those on capital and labour questions particularly, are really intellectual marvels—so marvellous, indeed, that often his audiences have very little more idea of what he means than the Tory party have of the real political opinions of Lord Beaconsfield. His orations are, as a rule, quite unlike those of any other speaker the public is accustomed to hear. When printed in the newspapers they very often read more like elaborate essays, written for a Quarterly, than mere oral deliverances—and yet they do not smell much of the lamp, though now and then leaving a little odour of petroleum. Brilliant, epigrammatic, witty, often profound, and having a very decided leaning towards the transcendental, his speeches bear a marked resemblance—without any trace of imitation—to those of Victor Hugo, and the comparison is not a very unfair one in this respect. Dr. Pankhurst's mental idiosyncrasies are indeed much more French than English, and he himself must often sigh for the audiences of enthusiastic students who, many years ago, listened sympathisingly at the Café Procope while he explained his ambition to codify the English law, to upset the English throne, and to effect various other trifling alterations in the British constitution, most of which intentions he has certainly since done his best to get carried into effect, not yet, however, with much apparent result. But, be the present result what it may, the vivacious barrister is still sanguine. He is always assured that we are on the eve of a convulsion in which throne, church, aristocracy, and plutocracy will disappear like so many rotten ships. No matter how apathetic or how contented the working classes may appear, he is always certain that their apathy is only the calm before a storm, and that on an appointed day democracy in one violent assault will possess itself of all the strongholds of the enemy. He had no doubt that the tramp of the great procession of working men in Manchester the other day would make the throne totter to its fall. He was equally sanguine—to take another example from many—that the publication of the returns which showed how the soil of Great Britain was distributed would rouse an indignation which would result in an almost immediate re-division; and on Saturday in his speech at Batterworth—which has served as a pretext for this article—he expressed his belief that the democracy did not intend to

have the land any longer confiscated by a handful of people. "These poor 'orts," and perhaps they may come true sooner than we think—I for one would not like to give them a positive denial—but I rather fancy that the Doctor leaves one important element out of his calculations. He does not seem to have any idea of the force of the stupidity which will have to be removed before he can get—I won't say his proposed reforms effected, for perchance they never will be—but before he can get them even considered as practicabilities and possibilities. As Schiller says, the very gods themselves fight in vain against stupidity, though it does not of course follow that because all the fighting power of Olympus contended against it ineffectually that Dr. Pankhurst and the army which he may one day lead to the battle, equipped with modern weapons, must necessarily also be vanquished. Unfortunately I cannot, if I would, feel sanguine about his success, because I have some reason to believe that if he were appointed chief of the Executive of the British Republic, he would think it his duty to order me to instant execution.

It is hardly necessary to say that Dr. Pankhurst is by no means popular amongst certain classes in local society. Of course I do not allude to his bad reputation amongst the Tories, who are not a class but a collection of phenomena, and therefore cannot be classified. It is their duty to hate him and they do it with great fervour. But the Doctor, amiable as he is personally, is considerably disliked by a large section of the Liberals, whose nerves he is apt to startle in a very reckless fashion. It may be very enjoyable to him to "punch the flabby bellies of plutocrats" at the Reform Club, but we can hardly wonder if the said plutocrats fail to see the fun of the punching process. For the Doctor is the last man to make any secret of his opinions, or to hide his Republican light under a bushel, though it might pay him better to do so. The steady-going old Liberals at the club, who are above all things practical, and hate anything that has a suspicion of rashness about it, do not know exactly what to make of a man who objects to the *status quo* upon the earth, under the earth, and above the earth, and who, they suspect, after he had disestablished the throne and the Church, and the land, might even attempt to disestablish the club itself. There is almost as great a gulf between him and many of the members as there is between them and the Tory party. They are Liberals and don't profess to be Republicans. He does, and something more, and one can well understand that the theories which are listened to with great delight at evening parties, where few comprehend them, find scant favour with men who have a very clear notion, and a very decided horror—well founded or not—of what they mean, and of what they would be in practice. There was a time when many well-intentioned people, and one Manchester newspaper, did their best to suppress the Doctor, first by snubbing, and then by ignoring him, but the task was too difficult, and they had to give it up in despair, though he has, I suspect, not quite forgiven them for attempting it. Since then these same people—who after all were perhaps wise in their generation—have been compelled to admit that he is a useful and even a valuable ally, but they have still utterly refused to acknowledge his claims to be considered as a leader, though there is no doubt that he is looked upon as such by a very important section of the working classes. However, I don't think that anyone need be seriously alarmed by the brilliant Doctor's talk about "blood and petroleum," for in his mouth these are only figurative words. He is not the man to shed the blood of a flea, much less set fire to a house, and I for one think it possible that the time may come when the Liberal party will have cause to feel thankful that Pankhurst and others like him—if there be such—came to the rescue.

## MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

**W**E extract the following from the *Manchester Evening News* of Wednesday last:—

"A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE IN A WIDNES POLICE CELL.—At the Widnes Police Court, yesterday afternoon, a tramp, named John Adams, was charged with being drunk and incapable in Sankey Street, on the previous evening. Prisoner appeared in court enveloped in a large rug, he having been deprived of his trousers under circumstances that at present baffle the ingenuity of the police in charge. The constable who apprehended him swore positively that the man had a pair of trousers on at the time, and the inspector, though not quite positive on that point, declared that he did not notice that the man had not a pair of trousers on. A thorough search yesterday morning failed to discover the missing garment. He was sent to gaol for seven days."

This reminds us of the old rhyme of "Paddy went a walking, &c." But why should the officials be guilty of such breaches of discipline unless they intended giving a pair to John Adams?

**W. ARONSBERG, Optician to the Royal Eye Hospital, 12, Victoria Street, Manchester.**



Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagent, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

#### IMPORTANT NOTICE.

One of Leonard Bright's complete short Stories of Manchester Life is given in the *City Jackdaw* nearly every week. The following have already appeared:—

BROKEN DOWN.—In No. 99, October 5, 1877.

HEAVY HEARTS.—In No. 101, October 19, 1877.

THE BOLTED DOOR.—In No. 102, October 26, 1877.

CLARA BROWN.—In No. 103, Nov. 2, 1877.

BOUND HAND AND FOOT.—In No. 104, Nov. 9, 1877.

MRS. ALLGOOD'S SECRET.—In No. 105, Nov. 16, 1877.

WON BY A NECK.—In No. 106, Nov. 23, 1877.

Copies of the papers containing these Stories will be sent by post from the Publishing Office for 1½d. each.

#### WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

**T**HAT the City Council meetings grow more and more lively.

That Mr. Alderman Murray waxed very indignant on Wednesday at the bare idea of Mr. D. O. Evans' portrait being placed in the New Town Hall.

That he protested against the walls being covered with the likenesses of men who had done no public work.

That Mr. Alderman Curtis said that if Mr. Evans' portrait was not worthy of a prominent position there were plenty of other places in the building where it might be hung.

That the worthy Alderman added that if not suitable for exhibition in the New Town Hall, it might be taken, with others, to the Art Gallery once it has been established.

That Mr. Peel modestly stated during the discussion that he himself would not like to see his own portrait in the New Town Hall.

That, he modestly proceeded, it was just possible, however, that the ladies might look upon it with some interest.

That the ladies of Manchester intend to present Mr. Peel's portrait to the Corporation.

That "public morality" has been in the ascendant this week.

That the words, at least, have figured on every advertising station, and been on every lip, throughout the City.

That Mr. Henry Irving makes a great mistake in falling out with the Press or some of its representatives every now and then.

That, nevertheless, the treatment which he received at Edinburgh, lately, was contemptible in the extreme.

That about nine o'clock at the Caledonian Association dinner, Mr. W. H. Houldsworth, who presided, was in great doubt whether he was really a Scotchman.

That two hours later he had no misgivings at all about it, and boldly proclaimed himself a genuine Scot.

That good Scotch whiskey works wonders.

That we wonder how many votes he hopes to win by the announcement.

#### MORAL SONG.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

**W**HAT is this insect that I see?  
A wasp, I do declare!  
My child, you should not frightened be  
Or fidget on your chair.

The open window it espied—  
Don't fidget on your seat—  
And thought that it would search inside  
For something good to eat.

The wasp is wrongfully reviled—  
It is a harmless brute;  
It does not want to sting you, child,  
But just to taste the fruit.

Be still, my son, and take my word—  
Your father ought to know—  
Afraid of wasps! it is absurd;  
More courage you should show.

You always kill them if you can!  
'Twill cause you pain, my boy,  
To think, when you have grown a man,  
That killing gave you joy.

You should not tease the wasps; of course,  
They sting if they are teased,  
But killing is the last resource  
Of moral sense diseased.

'Tis better far to speculate  
Upon the insect's ways—  
It's settled now upon your plate;  
Now watch it while it stays.

In Latin it is called — *Oh, yes, Pa,*  
*You learnt at school, they call it "Vespa?"*  
My son, pray mind what you're about;  
Don't interrupt, it puts me out.

A little boy should not be proud  
Of airing all he knows—  
You need not shriek so very loud—  
*It's settled on my nose?*

And if it has that's my affair,  
You need not show alarm;  
I do not mind its being there,  
It will not do me harm.

The insect only saw my nose  
Projecting from my face,  
And very naturally chose  
It for a resting place.

The wasp has got no bad intent—  
I beg you will not smile—  
The harmless insect only meant  
To rest itself a while.

And having rested, off will fly;  
His refuge he deserts  
And seeks another place—oh my!  
Oh, Moses! how it hurts!

You wicked child! and do you mock  
The anguish of your sire?  
I really feel inclined to knock  
Your head into the fire.

Take that! and that! for treating so  
Your careful father's pain;  
I do not think that you will go  
And laugh at me again!

TO SMOKERS: { Mounted Briars, Meerschaums, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description. } WITHECOMB, 32, VICTORIA-ST., & 66, MARKET-ST.

## THE "LAND O' CAKES" IN DARKNESS.

IT is an old saying that there is in every properly-regulated family one good grumbler—one irrepressible fellow who always finds something at which to growl, and who thus manages to keep the other members of the household from indulging in any such absurd belief that things are going on perfectly right, and that the world is a very good one after all. Our own experience inclines us to the belief that in the majority of families there is more than one grumbler, and, applying this principle more widely, we are led irresistibly to think that no district, however favoured, is entirely free from, at any rate, some few cantankerous people who never know when they are really well off, and who appear to have been born for no other purpose than to be thorns in the sides of the local authorities of the neighbourhoods in which they happen to be located. Surely the inhabitants of the districts of Eccles, Winton, Barton, Patricroft, and Monton—all governed by the same Local Board—ought to be thankful for their manifold mercies, and not even allow themselves to dream that they have any grievance of any kind whatever. They live in a neighbourhood which some one described not long ago, if we remember rightly, as being from beginning to end a park; they have railways and 'busses, and are soon to have tramcars, to convey them to Manchester when they desire to visit Cottonopolis; and their sanitary matters are cared for by a wise Local Board; their death-rate is a low one; and last, but by no means least, theirs is really "a land o' cakes." And yet there is one man who has the audacity to grumble, and, what is still worse, to call into question the wisdom of the local parliament. There was a meeting of the Local Board a day or two since, and then it was that this frightful state of things was made manifest to us. The bold man who has dared the powers that be, and raised his voice against those whose function it is to watch over the interests of the "land o' cakes," is one Richard Baldwin of Patricroft, and he has taken exception to the way in which the district is lighted. He has, we learn, written to the Board many times pointing out that gas lamps are wanted in some places, and are badly situated in others, and he has indeed, as he puts it in a letter addressed not to the Local Board but to the Local Government Board, "furnished the Local Board with a plan of the wanting and delinquent lamps." All his efforts, however, proved of none effect, and at last, tired of addressing a proud and stiffnecked local authority, he addressed himself to head-quarters—the Local Government Board, and to that august body made his complaint. Mr. Baldwin is a bold man, and he takes the bull by the horns at once. "What is the remedy," asks he, "when a Board refuses to supply sufficient light in the streets at night, and at suitable points where supplied at all?" Now if that is not a nice little nut for the Local Government Board to crack we should like to know what is. We know what a frightful job it is to get a fractions young calf along in the way in which she is wanted to go, but we fear that it would be a tougher job than that to get twelve Local Board members to move in the direction which did not take their fancy. Of course there may be some way of putting the screw on which is unknown to us, but we feel sure that the screw would have to be a very stiff one, and we are quite confident, too, that the Local Government Board will not be thankful to Mr. Baldwin for bothering them with such propositions. Mr. Baldwin makes a point of the fact that the Patricroft police station is enveloped in darkness at night, and this is another rock upon which we split. What in the name of fortune makes him so particular about the lighting-up of the police station? It may be that kindness has dictated the non-illumination of the place, a desire that the forms and faces of the unfortunates who may be brought to the lock-up should be shrouded in friendly darkness. Surely there is no necessity for any beacon-light to guide persons to the police station. Those who wish to go thither generally know the road pretty well, or at any rate can easily find it, and those who do not particularly desire to go there, but whose presence is nevertheless required, have experienced guides to direct their steps. Mr. Baldwin shows that the removal of a few lamp posts would materially if not entirely remedy the evil which he contends exists, and then, waxing more and more indignant and casting to the winds all qualms of conscience respecting the sanctity of local authorities, he says that some of the lamps have actually been removed to their present "stupid" positions from places where they were more useful, but, remarks M. Baldwin with a very proper amount of scorn, "they (the Board, we suppose) are infallible and every one else are duffers." Let us make every possible allowance for Mr. Baldwin's wounded feelings. His suggestions, his plan, all his

efforts, had been, as he observes, "to no purpose." The Board had held on their way unmoved by his communications, and under all the circumstances we may perhaps overlook this outburst. But we very much fear that Mr. Baldwin cannot rank as a really orthodox grumbler, although he is a very vigorous one, and has but little regard for polite phraseology, especially when it is remembered that he is addressing the Local Government Board. But what do the Local Board, through their clerk, reply to all this? They are just as bold as their assailant: They admit all his efforts, and allege that, "all things considered," they have provided a most liberal supply of gas. One of the members took exception to this emphatic statement, but he, of course, can only be regarded as a traitor in the camp. Our own knowledge of the district is limited, but we must confess that our limited knowledge hardly bears out the allegations of the Board. There is a road leading to the Patricroft Station and certainly the light there is not first-rate. The lamps which are to be found serve principally to our thinking to make the darkness more palpable, and the walk from the station to the main road is rather a treacherous one, no little care having to be taken to avoid old stumps or posts and such like trifles which ornament the side of the foot-path. Possibly, this may be covered by the "all circumstances considered," the meaning of which is involved in doubt, and which may cover a multitude of sins. We have heard whispers that light is wanted in other parts of the district, but we have no ambition to be classed as a grumbler, and therefore take our stand by the Local Board, fully believing that Mr. Baldwin, persistent as he appears to be, will be quite vanquished by that all powerful "all circumstances considered." We only trust that he may never lack sufficient light to see the way to cut the cakes and drink the ale of Eccles.

## A LANCASHIRE POET.

WE have always prided ourselves in our knowledge of the literature of our own county, but a poetical genius of the name of Ormerod has been blushing unseen, so it would appear by the second edition of his "Poetical Thoughts of Light and Shade," in the retired village of Haslingden, for a generation or so. He tells his readers that he is a clown, almost an unnecessary piece of information, and to his tumbling he has added another profession, for he writes—

"I used to shave both old and young  
And likewise cut their hair."

It is sad to learn, though, that both professions have been abandoned, and literature taken up.

Now old age is creeping on  
My limbs are getting sore;  
Then I need not think of clowning,  
No—I think not any more.

The choicest poem in the book is the following:—

## PHOTOGRAPH.

We are all, as it were, like a shadow,  
When we are gone we are seen never more;  
But when the likeness of a child is taken,  
We fancy we see it as before.

Then while it is living have it taken,  
Repent not, and say when we are gone,  
"If the shadow of my child had been taken,  
But alas! I repent now, I've none."

Prevention is better than cure, now  
Step forward while yet you're in time,  
And bring your sweet little baby,  
To be taken supreme and sublime.

Let each married lady love her good man,  
And you young ones get married as soon as they can.

Surely the writer of these sublime lines might be suggested to my Lord Beaconsfield as a fit recipient of the bounty which the deserving Close was deprived of.

**CIGARS at WITHECOMB'S are the CHOICEST, 3d., 4d., 6d., 9d., 1s., & 2s. 6d. each.**



## WANTED A LIVELY PROFESSOR.

**W**HEN Owens College becomes a University it may be deemed well and wise to attach to it some one like Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh. A notion prevails that a lively professor in connection with Owens University would be a good thing—good for the University, good for Manchester, good for Lancashire, good for us all. The Scotch are a serious sort of people. They don't laugh often or much; but they appear always to laugh an immense deal—and with good reason, too—whenever the learned Greek professor opens his mouth. One cannot wonder at this, for he talks in a style which would make a convict laugh. Lecturing on Scottish song the other night, he said it was a mistake to imagine that the poet only fell in love with a pretty face. A fool might do that, a fool might fall in love with a wax doll. Divine love was the ambitious admiration of excellence, or the rapturous recognition of a divinely-planted ideal. Every man was a poet when he was in love. Everyone did not write sonnets, but his fancy took a flight as if borne on wings. Was there any miserable wretch who never felt love? If so, he was extremely sorry for him. He might tell them his blessed experience when he was first in love. He lost all interest in books, and went up by Bonaly, and over the Pentland Hills, singing songs the whole day, and they all ended with "Mary, Mary, Mary." Then when he ended his singing he wrote sonnets, and binding them with silver and blue ribbon, he despatched them to Mary. All that was pure joy, no doubt; but there came a sad day afterwards, when Mary would have nothing to do with Johnnie Blackie. He went about mourning for two days, and the first day took no dinner. But that was not much sorrow compared to the joy of the two months' singing. He did not shoot himself, for he had had the pleasure of being half-a-dozen times in love since. When he was in love his soul was like an instrument that angels had come down and played upon. Love did not require fine surroundings. For himself, he preferred the smell of a byre, especially if there was a milkmaid there, to the finest drawing-room at the west end. The Professor then sang a verse of "When the kye comes hame," and a verse of "Kelvin Grove." At the St. Andrew's dinner, in London, he was equally lively. Replying to one of the toasts, he said he was not a theologian, but still he would give them one of St. Paul's dicta—"Let brotherly love continue," and one from the teachings of St. John—"Little children love one another." In saying this he must also say that there were two enemies against which he constantly waged war—Civilisation and Red-tape. Civilisation, as he understood it, tended to smooth over all local peculiarities and idiosyncrasies, and these he would wish to preserve. The whole world, it would seem, was to be civilised by John Bull, and that also he decidedly objected to. As to Red-tape, he detested it more than he could convey in words. There was a movement in London to abolish the noble Highland costume which had figured victoriously in all battles from Quebec to Coomassie, and this for the purpose of saving a few miserable pounds. It was a penny-wise and pound-foolish policy. If it were accomplished it would do more to abolish patriotic feeling than anything else that could be devised. If they abolished the Quaker dress they did something to abolish the spirit of Quakerism, and so would it be if they did away with the national dress of the Scottish regiments—a dress which was the most patriotic, the most convenient, and the most healthy that could be devised. But he had not risen to make a speech, and he would conclude by singing a song, which might, perhaps, be more suitable to the occasion. He then sang "A' the blue bonnets are over the Border." Such a man in Manchester, especially such a Professor in Manchester, would make us laugh more than we do at present; and—so our grave medical advisers tell us—nothing beats laughter in bettering the constitution.

## TORIES AND TURKS.

**T**HINGS are looking up. The barometer is rising rapidly. Even the Tory Press is becoming dissatisfied with our Tory Government. Lord Beaconsfield wants us to go to war with holy Turkey against unholy Russia. The Earl of Derby refuses to do anything so monstrous. Of course, the Conservative papers are with Beaconsfield, and against Derby. They cannot restrain their righteous wrath on the subject. This is what the *Standard* says:—"The business of our English Ministers just now is not to justify themselves to Continental opinion, but to recognise and give expression to the feeling of their own country. That they should have done or said anything to give satisfaction at Berlin is a result

of their conduct or their language which they may fairly suspect as wanting in a proper regard for the national interests, for if there is anything clear in the policy of Germany it is that she will lend her aid rather to the gratification than the disappointment of Russian ambition in the East. The conduct of England, however, has been such that the Czar, we are loftily told from Russia, 'will not allow her to take an active part in the restoration of peace;' and the idea of excluding England from a share in the pacification is likely for many reasons to be popular with the statesmen to whom we owe the Triple alliance. It falls in with all their own schemes of power and aggrandizement. Is the time not drawing near when some word in earnest should be spoken in defence of those British interests of which we used to hear?" Strong as all this is, it is meekness itself compared with what the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Daily Telegraph* keep reiterating in each publication. But as neither the *Pall Mall* nor the *Telegraph* is a Tory organ—an least, they did not use to be—we may pass over their effusions at present. The *Morning Advertiser*—the pet organ of the publicans—is naturally with the Turk, who, it appears, is all but done for. "Will the conclusion of peace between the Sultan and the Czar," asks the *Advertiser*, "be settled with the co-operation of Europe or not? One thing has struck the Vienneuse very distinctly, and this is the almost undisguised participation of the German Empire in the Russian aggression upon the dominion of the Sultan. Is it possible that a State which may be almost considered an ally of the invaders will be able to hold the balance very even when terms of peace come to be discussed? But then the often-quoted 'intervention of Europe' remains. Is this worth much? Take Germany from 'Europe,' and what is left? Not France, as long as her present embarrassments continue, at any rate. Not Italy, except in the sense that Italy is engaged on the side of Russia. Not England. The Austrian who contemns the hesitation and indecision of his own Government does not dream of looking to England for an example of firmness and judgment. But if the European concert is still as hollow an unreality as at the time of the famous memorandums and conferences, is not the game pretty nearly in the hands of Berlin and St. Petersburg the moment the brave Ottoman is overborne at last?" Bravo! We didn't expect it. Yet what one regarded to be the impossible does happen sometimes. "British Interests," so called, are to be sacrificed after all by our Tory Government. The poor Tory papers are in a sad way on that account. They made the mistake, it seems, of mistaking their own croakings for the verdict of England. The Cabinet, as a whole, knew better. They did not need to be told that England would never again fight side by side with Turkey. Beaconsfield, not being an Englishman, has never been able to grasp this business. Naturally conceiving that Beaconsfield was the Cabinet, the Conservative papers have put their foot into it, just as he had done, is doing, and shall do. Interpose between Russia and Turkey? Why should we? Turkey has brought all this on herself. Let Russia alone then. She is doing the work which should have been done by united Europe, and, consequently, she should be allowed to dictate her own terms of peace. We did not step in between Germany and France. Why, then, should we step in between Russia and Turkey?

## THE THEATRES.

**A**T the Prince's, Miss Neilson is appearing for a short season in a round of favourite characters. Her last visit to this Theatre is so recent, that detailed criticism of her performances is uncalled for. On Tuesday, as "Rosalind," she was, in spite of certain mannerisms, as lively and charming as ever. Mr. H. B. Conway made an excellent "Orlando," while Mr. Wainwright played the part of the contemplative "Jacques" in his usually effective style. We understand that the Prince's has passed into the hands of the Theatre Royal Company.

At the Royal, Mr. Henry Irving is drawing large audiences this week in *The Lyons Mail*.

The management of the Queen's offers a very strong programme, Mr. Fred. Cooke being this week engaged to appear in his great Irish drama, *Mauveen-na-Laveen*. He is very well supported by the Stock Company, and the piece is mounted in the tasteful way characteristic of this well-ordered Theatre. The forthcoming pantomime will be *Jack and the Beanstalk*.

Boz.—This clever entertainer concludes his season at the Free Trade Hall to-morrow (Saturday), when performances will be given at three and eight o'clock. Our readers should not miss this opportunity of seeing him.

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## TRADE CUSTOMS.

WE haven't done with "The Great Agency Case" yet; nor is there any likelihood of our having done with it for a very long time to come. The daily papers are about as full—though not quite so full—as it still as they were when these staggering sixteen-column reports of the proceedings appeared from day to day. But no one can regret the vast amount of attention which is being directed to the case. It would be difficult, perhaps it would be impossible, to over-estimate the importance of the suit. The Master of the Rolls has virtually decided that one of the first, most respected, most trusted, most upright houses in the whole of Manchester has been carrying on its business in a fraudulent way for years upon years. In condemning Barbour Brothers in his own strong style, Sir George Jessel at the same time brought the most serious accusations possible against scores of similar houses in the City, the fact being that, according to trade customs, all sail in the same boat in this respect. As the agents for foreign firms, they do the best they can, on business terms, for these firms. Now, however, they are set down as so many swindlers, because, forsooth, they seek and secure payment for all the work they do on behalf of their clients. Sir George Jessel's decision has broken like a thunderbolt over many of our best known houses, for not one of them knows the day when they may be held up to public gaze as thieves and ruined by the claims of those for whom, as they humbly thought, they had been doing their very best. The *City Jackdaw* is as proud of the city merchants as they are of it—probably a good deal prouder if all the truth were known!—and, therefore, it is a pleasure to stand by them when Sir George Jessel or anybody else tries to crush them. In this, of course, the *Jackdaw* is not alone. The whole Manchester Press—some portions of it more mildly than others—has uttered brave words on this case during the last few days, and it does not need to be added that the Press of Manchester has about as much to do with the moulding and guiding of public opinion as the much-vaunted London Press has.

The *City News*, in the course of an able article on the subject, furnishes a mass of interesting information both as to the parties to the suit and the inevitable consequences of the judgment, as the following extracts will show:—

"Neither the failure of Overend, Gurney, and Co., nor the flight of Alexander Collyer, created anything approaching to the consternation which has been created in Manchester by what is called the Great Agency Case. The public interest in it has penetrated far beyond commercial circles, and it has been discussed in the drawing-room almost as eagerly as on 'Change. One of the most distinguished mercantile houses in Manchester—distinguished no less for its reputed wealth and the magnitude of its dealings than for the high personal character of its successive heads—has been arraigned virtually upon a charge of fraud, and upon the issue of the trial depend not only the honesty, but in many cases the solvency of innumerable other houses engaged in the same business. The firm of Robert Barbour and Brother has been in existence in Manchester for fifty-one years, and during this time it has borne, and will no doubt continue to bear, the highest character for integrity. Mr. Robert Barbour, the founder of the firm, is still living, and, though upwards of eighty years of age, he has been in constant attendance in London during the hearing of this case. He retired from the firm in 1865, and for ten years prior to that time he had taken little active part in its concerns, but as the Statute of Limitations does not apply to agency business, he is liable for the period he was connected with the firm. Another late partner, Mr. Fleming, is not a defendant, because he died before the action was entered, while, on the other hand, the estates of two other deceased partners, Mr. Charles A. Stewart and Mr. Charles Stewart, jun., are liable because they were partners in the firm when this action began five years ago. The present head of the house is Mr. George Blair, who, like all his predecessors, is greatly respected. Twenty-five years ago this house, with its long history, its great resources, and its powerful name, befriended the Brothers Williamson, who were at that time small spirit dealers in Glasgow, and established them as merchants in Calcutta. The attitude which Barbour Brothers of Manchester assumed to the house of their protégés in India, was not, what it might have been, the attitude of employers to employed, but with generous confidence they at once put them on the same level as any other foreign house with which they traded, and they acted for them as agents, and capitalists, and guarantors. As the whole of this case turns upon the legal interpretation of the word 'agent' as distinguished from the word 'principal' or 'merchant,' and upon the word 'commission' as distinguished from the word 'profit,' one can readily understand the sympathy so generally expressed for Messrs. Barbour Brothers, who, looking at the whole history of their relations with the Williamsons, seem to have been made the 'scape-goat' of a law never until now understood."

Writing to the *Examiner*, a correspondent, who signs himself "Mercator," makes the following sensible comments on the case:—

"In law, Williamson Bros. are called the employers, and Barbour Bros. the servants. This is a legal fiction, at least so far as the start in business is concerned. The brothers Williamson had been engaged in Calcutta and in Glasgow for some time as spirit merchants, when they began to take orders for Manchester goods, which were bought for them by another commission house here, whom they left in course of time for Robert Barbour and Bros., who offered them better terms, all things included, than they had been getting elsewhere. There can be no doubt what the nature of the terms were, and a very important deduction can be made from the terms then agreed on. Barbour Bros. were to supply goods to the Williamsons. They were to charge commission and to be allowed no discount, but to have three months' credit, without interest. This is of importance when we consider the fact, proved and admitted, that a few years after, when doubtless they had accumulated some capital, they applied to Mr. Robert Barbour for more favourable terms as to discount and commission, and had those terms granted. It will be news to many that work done by an agent more than he agrees to do for his commission is not to be charged for, especially when the prime motive for doing the work is to save his client money. There was another material charge, that of having bought goods in advance and charged sometimes an advance on the price paid. The explanation is simple—zeal for their clients' interest. Whatever a barbaric law may say on the point, there will be no two opinions in Manchester about it. It is not only right, but commendable. As I understand it, the Master of the Rolls says if the plaintiffs in this suit could have been proved to have had knowledge of how this business between Barbours and Williamsons was done, it would have changed the decision of the Court. I am not a Chancery lawyer, therefore I cannot say what is proof in that Court, but I think I have heard of proof of guilt in capital cases being accepted and acted on which was not half as conclusive as the proof of knowledge on the part of the Williamsons, which, had it been accepted, would have established the innocence of the Barbours."

"Verax," the pointed and pithy writer in the *Weekly Times*, refers to the case in these terms:—

"When Mr. William Graham, in the course of his cross-examination in the case of 'Williamson v. Barbour,' expressed his firm conviction, founded on the broadest of mercantile experiences, of the general honesty of the Manchester trade, the Master of the Rolls observed that he was glad to hear it, because 'it showed that the feeling and practice of Manchester was higher than that of the Court of Chancery.' The sentence is neither accurate nor clear, but I do not venture to alter it, and I assume that the learned Judge intended to indulge in a sneer at our expense, an interpretation which is proved to be correct by Sir Henry James's rejoinder that we 'had better have Manchester men for judges.' The Master of the Rolls displayed the same *animus* throughout the hearing of the case. He showed an extreme eagerness to cause it to be understood that the customs of the Manchester Trade as between two such firms as Barbour's and Williamsons, and in reference to transactions like those in which the suit originated, by whatever innocent names they were known down here, were regarded as 'fraud' in the Court of Chancery. The inference is, of course, that the customs referred to are essentially dishonest, and that, as men are assumed to intend the consequences of their own acts, the traders who follow such customs are also dishonest—that is, to use a plain word, they are thieves. This inference is at variance with all that one knows of the persons thus inculpated, and with the estimate currently put upon the customs so described. Nobody believes for a moment that the Messrs. Barbour have been guilty of fraud. The system on which the business of the two firms in question has been transacted is open to serious objections from a theoretic point of view, but it is the system which universally prevails, it is a system which is universally understood, and nobody outside the Court of Chancery will say that it is necessarily fraudulent. \* \* \* Mr. William Graham's testimony, at least on that point, is pertinent and conclusive. When a man can say that he has done business in this city to the extent of millions year after year without a scrap of writing, and without a single dispute, though the Master of the Rolls may laugh, the lay public will conclude that the morality of Manchester may perhaps challenge comparison with the morality of the Court of Chancery, especially if we are permitted to call in the private practice of the Court, in questions between advocate and client, and in a sense mercantile, to illustrate the theories of rigid virtue which they professionally expound. But the Courts are our masters, and must prevail. We must modify our old methods and accommodate ourselves to their rules. Henceforth this is a matter, not of honesty, but of self-defence, for it will never do for one firm to transact the business of another firm for twenty years at the risk of being called upon at the end of that period, by an application of the maxims of Chancery, to surrender two-thirds of its earnings."

As was stated at the outset, we won't hear the last of the case for years to come. Sir George Jessel has ordered the books of Barbour Brothers to be opened and examined. The books already in London number some half-a-thousand. To go through them will take at least ten years. The appeal will also have to be heard, though counsel themselves scarcely

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know whether the appeal should come off now or after the investigation of the books. Although Williamson Brothers claim £100,000, the particular examination of the books which has been ordered only bears upon some £12,000. The amount is nothing, however. What we are anxious about is the law on the case and the soundness of Sir George Jessel's interpretation of that law. In the event of his decision being upheld, not a few of the largest Manchester houses will in all probability totter and fall; and, at least, the entire system of transacting business of the kind would have to be revised and altered, probably not to the advantage of foreign firms.

### CAWS OF THE WEEK.

**F**OOLS and their money are soon parted, at least it would seem so from the following paragraph in the *Scotsman*:—"By instructions of an American lady, Miss Thompson, who has been residing in Edinburgh for some time back, Messrs. Marshall & Sons, jewellers, Great George Street, have manufactured a set of horse shoes, of solid gold, at the cost of £200; and on Friday a mare belonging to that lady was shod in the precious metal at the smithy of Professor Baird, veterinary surgeon, St. James Place. The shoes are of the ordinary size and shape, and the nails with which they were fixed are also of gold. The mare was afterwards conveyed to Messrs. Moir's horse repository, where she had been at livery for the past two months, and in the course of the afternoon was mounted and ridden about the yard by Miss Thompson. The animal was purchased for her present owner at one of Messrs. Moir's sales about two years ago, and since then has made a voyage across the Atlantic. Miss Thompson and her steed left Edinburgh on Friday night for London, en route, it is supposed, for America."

WHEN will Mr. William Birch, jun., begin to see that other men may be as warm-hearted, honest, and upright as himself? All persons who do not shout "Amen" to whatever he likes to say are set down as deficient in intelligence and honesty. We were not aware that the Free Trade Hall preacher was ambitious to set up as a pope. What has occurred in Salford Police Court this week scarcely favours his pretensions.

DR. CUMMING thinks he has got hold of a good thing now, and it would appear that he means to stick to it. He has often before conducted us close to the end of the world; but he is perfectly sure of his footing this time. Lecturing the other night, he said that the newspapers were simply the amanuenses of Providence, unconsciously recording what God had predicted. They saw nation rushing against nation and kingdom against kingdom. For the last forty years there had been wars and rumours of wars, and they saw the prophecy of Ezekiel being fulfilled when they observed the Russians moving towards the East and seeking to obtain a passage to India. No statesman could say that there was any prospect of peace to be seen in the immediate future. They had another warning in the present social state of the country. Christ said iniquity shall abound; and who would say now that it did not. He admitted that there was much truth and piety and many Christians in the land; but on the other hand the Churches were broken up by internecine struggles; benefices were publicly sold to the highest bidder, and in others bitter dissensions arose about the appointment of ministers. In the State, ascendancy of party was valued more than the ascendancy of principles, and in commerce the most dominant characteristic of the present age was an indelible haste to get rich. He knew of his own personal experience of the utter wretchedness and misery of many of the poor of London. Yet they could see in the papers any day the wills of men who died worth hundreds of thousands of pounds, while at their very doors were to be found the most fearful wretchedness and misery. Might not the crimes of the lower classes be considered as a retribution upon the heads of the higher classes for their neglect? He himself should not like to be worth two or three hundred thousands of pounds when he knew there were so many people absolutely wanting bread. In the face of all these signs, who would venture to say that the prophecies relating to the end of the world were not being rapidly fulfilled? Zadkiel, we understand, likewise declares that this old world is just about drawing its last gasp. When two such authorities as Zadkiel and Cumming agree, they cannot, we may feel sure, be far wrong.

We suppose that the members and officials of the Corporation of Salford are still attending to their duties. Judging from what one sees over nearly the whole Borough, one might naturally conclude that they had come out on strike, or gone away on a holiday. Footpaths are blocked up in many places with bricks, planks, slates, &c., and not a few of the crossings and streets in the outskirts of the town are all but impassable. Have things gone wrong since Mr. Fowler left?

THE Scotch dinner at the Albion was a success, particularly the haggis; while the bagpipes and the dancing were a great improvement on the speaking.

### MODERN NATURAL HISTORY.

[BY OUR OWN EVOLUTIONIST.]

**T**HE Policeman—commonly known as the Bobby, Peeler, Bluebottle, and sometimes erroneously called Guardian of the Peace. This animal was discovered by Sir Robert Peel, and has only been known to naturalists during the last fifty years. As we have lately engaged a new cook, we have been able to study its habits minutely, and the following is the result of our observations. In form it bears a decided resemblance to man, and its appearance, when on duty, and dressed in the regulation uniform, with bright buttons, heavy helmet, ready truncheon, with a majestic and important bearing, is, to say the least, uncomfortably formidable; but this appearance is delusive, as it is a comparatively harmless creature, and seldom attacks one its own size. The nose of the male animal is red and spongy, glowing through the darkness like the lamps of a lighthouse, this lurid effect being caused by the presence of an oft-refilled bottle, containing a drop of something in the left-hand coat tail pocket. It belongs to the genus *carnivora*, its favourite food consisting of cold mutton and rabbit pie. Its fondness for this food is remarkable, and sometimes leads it into misfortune, for the females of the race (mostly cooks) are, in contradistinction to the general rule of nature, the providers; and if the policeman, in its eagerness to obtain its favourite food, pays attention to two cooks at one and the same time, feminine jealousy will sometimes leave it whistlerless, toothless, broken-nosed, and black-eyed. Nevertheless, the unerring sagacity with which it singles out ugly, and consequently disengaged, cooks is marvellous, and its instinct always leads it to prefer one whose mistress never inquires after the remains of cold joints, pickles, and other eatables. After dusk it invariably resorts to its usual feeding place, and meets its cook, *alias* provider, at the area door, and if it cannot finish the food supplied, it carries away the remainder in its helmet for nocturnal consumption. England's foresight in thus providing a receptacle for the superabundance of the kitchen cannot be too highly extolled. The bottle is usually re-filled here as well. This interesting animal was formerly supposed to protect the public and keep order in the streets; but lately it has been proved to our entire satisfaction that its principal occupation is to parade the streets with a great show of vigilance, or lurk at street corners and suddenly swoop down like a hawk upon its unsuspecting and defenceless prey—children going to school, small boys at play, and entirely innocent people, who have not the capacity, even if they have the will, to offend against the law. It delights to wave its truncheon, and shout authoritatively "Move on" at frequent intervals. It always keeps out of the way whilst a fight or a row is going on, and if called upon to arrest a drunken and incapable person it is not unfrequently afterwards hauled up for assault and unnecessary violence. Nevertheless, displays of bravery and honesty are sometimes made by these curious creatures. As our cook seems likely to suit, we will be provided with the means of continuing our observations.

[Be it always understood that we do not bind ourselves to the opinions either of our own or any other evolutionist.—Ed. *City Jackdaw*.]

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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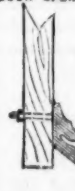
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